Silver Star
ISSUE #4
PC
"For the NEW Era in Comics"
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HOMO-GENETICUS!! ... ONE OF GOD'S OR SATAN'S CHILDREN?
THE NEXT BREED
SILVER STAR
MEETS BIG MASAI!
GOLIATH OF THE GHETTO!
A VISUAL NOVEL

CAPTAIN VICTORY SPECIAL #1

THIS ISSUE ON "BAXTER" STOCK

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THE BATTLES BETWEEN MEN ARE GLORIFIED AND CALLED "HISTORIC" BY THE *WINNERS*... THE BATTLES BETWEEN SUPER-HUMANS WILL BE NO DIFFERENT... JUST *MORE SPECTACULAR*-!

SILVER STAR

THE SUPER-NORMALS: ARE THEY GOD'S OR satan's children?

Written and Drawn by **Jack Kirby** Letters and Inks by **Mike Royer** Colored by **Janice Cohen**

I'M HERE BECAUSE I HEARD A MAN SCREAM IN PAIN!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! H-HE'S STILL ALIVE—!
HE'S UNDER A CAROUSEL THAT'S TEARING ITSELF TO PIECES! --AND NO ONE CAN REACH HIM!
I CAN...
IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF DESTROYING THIS FLYING DEBRIS BEFORE IT REACHES YOU!
HANG ON, BROTHER HOMO GENETICUS!
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!!

IT IS A SQUALID LITTLE MIDWAY··· AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL IN ITS NATURE, TO DRAW THE SPIRITS OF ITS VISITORS INTO WHAT IT OFFERS···WHERE THEY CAN HEAR THE LAUGHTER, FEEL THE SUN, AND GATHER LIFELONG MEMORIES. BUT, ON THIS DAY, THE WORLD HAS CRACKED··· LIKE THE MADLY SPINNING CAROUSEL!
THE STUNT-MAN BENEATH THIS THING IS IN TERRIBLE AGONY!
THIS IS THE DAY OF HOMO GENETICUS···
···LIVING AND DYING AND USING SUPERIOR POWERS FOR REASONS NO DIFFERENT THAN THE GOVERNING MOTIVES OF THOSE WHO SPAWNED HIM···
PEACE AND CONFLICT··· GOOD AND EVIL··· GOD AND SATAN··· CANNOT BE RECONCILED··· EVEN FOR HIM···
RRRRR
THIS SHOULD SLOW IT DOWN!
DAMN!

KRASH!
PAIN··· T-THE BURNING PAIN···!
I-IT HURTS, MAW··· IT HURTS BAD—!
GEE··· I WAS ONLY DOIN' THE STUNT LIKE ALWAYS··· AND--AND···
HEY—! WHO'S THAT? DID MAW SEND YA?
YEAH··· I GOT RID OF IT FOR YOU, KID···
ALL THAT WEIGHT'S GONE—!
ARE YA ONE OF THE GUYS FROM THE BLOCK?
I-I DIDN'T DO TOO WELL, FELLA··· YOU'RE A REAL MESS···
FREDDIE FORMAN!
FREDDIE! ···Y--YA CAME TO HELP ME, DIDN'T··· YA···!
I-IT WASN'T MY FAULT, I TELL YA!
I'M THE STRONGEST GUY IN THE WORLD!
I KNOW THAT!
HE DID IT! ···THE "LOONIE" IN THE CROWD!! YEAH, I COULD SEE HIM, Y'KNOW? --BUT NOT WITH MY EYES! ···KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT'S LIKE I KNOW YOU'RE NOT REALLY FREDDIE FORMAN···
Y'SEE···?
MY NAME'S MORGAN MILLER!
AND, I'M LIKE YOU, ALBIE--
--BUT, I CAN'T SEE THAT "LOONIE" WHO DID THIS TO YOU!
HE CAN BLOCK ME OUT, ALBIE!
BUT, CAN YOU STILL SEE HIM?!
WHERE IS HE? TELL ME, ALBIE!
TELL ME!!
FOR GOD'S SAKE!
TELL ME!
TELL ME—!!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT—!!

HELP ME GET TO HIM, ALBIE! HELP ME TO STOP THIS HOMICIDAL "CRAZIE"!
ALBIE! ALBIE—!
FIVE... HUNDRED... BUCKS FOR THIS... GIG...!
MAKE... SURE... MY MOM...
S-SHE... SHE... NEEDS--
MAN—! YOU'RE "SOMETHING ELSE!" I SAW WHAT YOU DID!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
I CAN SUM IT ALL UP FOR YOU IN TWO WORDS, OFFICER!
DARIUS DRUMM!
HIS WORLD!... BLEAK AND DISMAL AND MAYHAP UGLY, MY DEAR!
BUT... SO IS REALITY!
SO IS TRUTH!

OH, FORGIVE ME, POOR CREATURE! I CONTINUALLY OVERLOOK YOUR UNFORTUNATE CONDITION!
CONSIDERING WHAT I'VE DONE, I MAY AS WELL BE TALKING TO MYSELF!
YOUR ABILITY TO FUNCTION IN ANY CAPACITY HAS BEEN "SHUT-DOWN!"
...AND THAT'S NO MEAN FEAT, MY DEAR!
IT TAKES AN EXPERIENCED MEMBER OF HOMO-GENETICUS TO DISENGAGE ANOTHER!
OF COURSE, IT'S NO TRICK AT ALL TO ACHIEVE THIS WITH SIMPLER LIFE FORMS!
NOW... GOOD OLD HOMO-SAPIEN IS A CLEVER DEVIL--
--BUT HE CAN'T PLAY WITH ATOMS LIKE WE DO...
MAKING THEM DANCE TO OUR TUNE...
WHA...!
MAKING THEM OBEY OUR EVERY INNOVATIVE WHIM!

HOMO-GENETICUS-- YOU ARE WONDROUS INDEED!

Y-YOU MURDERING PSYCHO!
YOU'VE KILLED TWO MEN!
BUT, I HAD TO!
YOU'VE JUST PROVED WHY!

IF HOMO-GENETICUS CANNOT BE DOMINATED BY FORCE OF WILL... THEN, AS CAIN, THE HUNTER, SLEW HIS BROTHER, SO MUST I STRIKE HARD!--
--AND RULE MY BROTHERS--

AND, MY SISTERS--

--BY THE ACID TOUCH OF FEAR--

--OR THE HAMMER BLOW OF DEATH!

--OR THE HAMMER BLOW OF DEATH--!
MAN! ANY CAT WHO SPEAKS LIKE THAT IS DROWNIN' IN CHEAP CORN!

THAT'S DRUMM! YOU CAN FIND DARIUS DRUMM!
YOU CAN HELP ME, ELMO!
YOU? A COMIC BOOK SUIT CALLED SILVER STAR!?

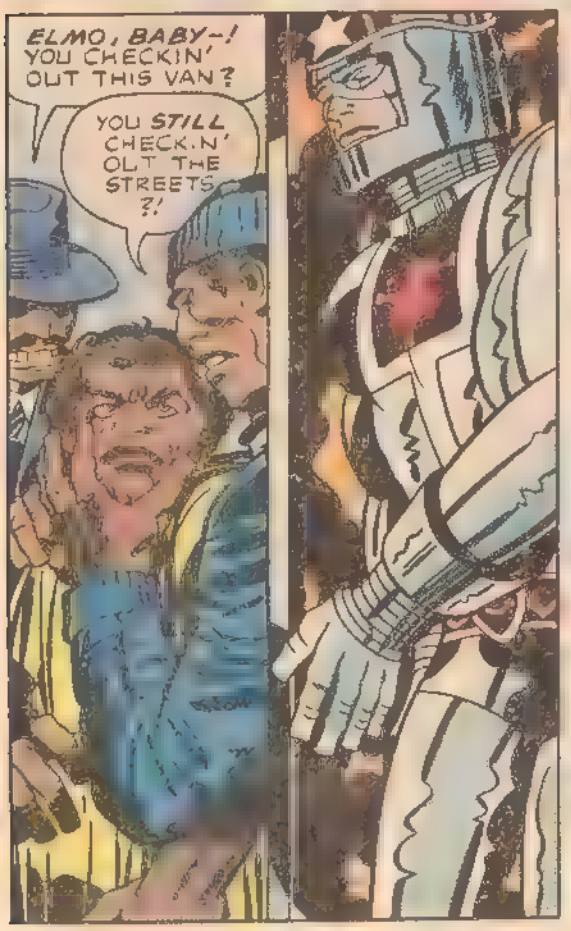
COME ON! DON'T JIVE ME, NOW! THERE'S A GIRL IN TROUBLE! DRUMM CAN HURT HER!
YOU TEAR MY SHIRT AN' I YELL "FUZZ!"
LOOK! I WAS JUST FUNNIN'! AND NOW, IT'S OVER!

OKAY--I'LL SKIP THE TIES THAT BIND US TOGETHER! I'LL SKIP A LOT OF THINGS... BUT I'LL GET TO DRUMM--LIKE I GOT TO YOU--!
SUBWAY'S TWO BLOCK'S DOWN THE STREET!

I OPENED MY MIND TO THE UNIVERSE!--
--A PLACE WITHOUT LIMITS!
IT WAS A MENTAL RADAR SWEEP OF DISTANCES CLOSED TO ORDINARY MAN--
--AND, YOU KNOW WHAT I HEARD?
I SAID GAME'S OVER, TURKEY... JUST STAY COOL...

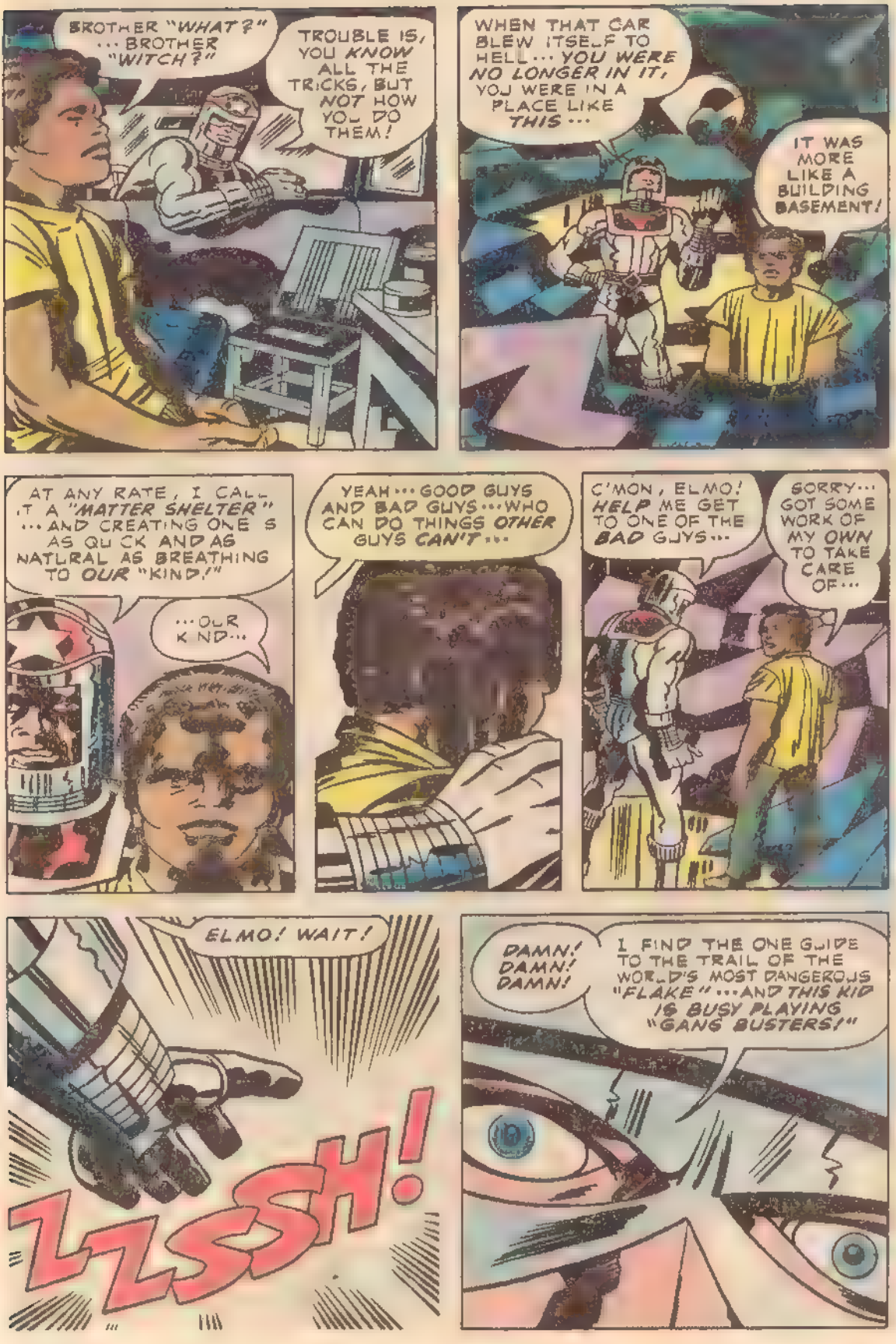
...I HEARD A THOUGHT!
IT SAID:
"ELMO FRYE IS BIG MASA!"
"ELMO FRYE IS BIG MASA!"

YOU SUDDENLY POP IN WITH THIS CRUMMY VAN, DUDE...
POP IT OUT! --LIKE NOW! --THIS VERY SECOND!
15
BARBERS

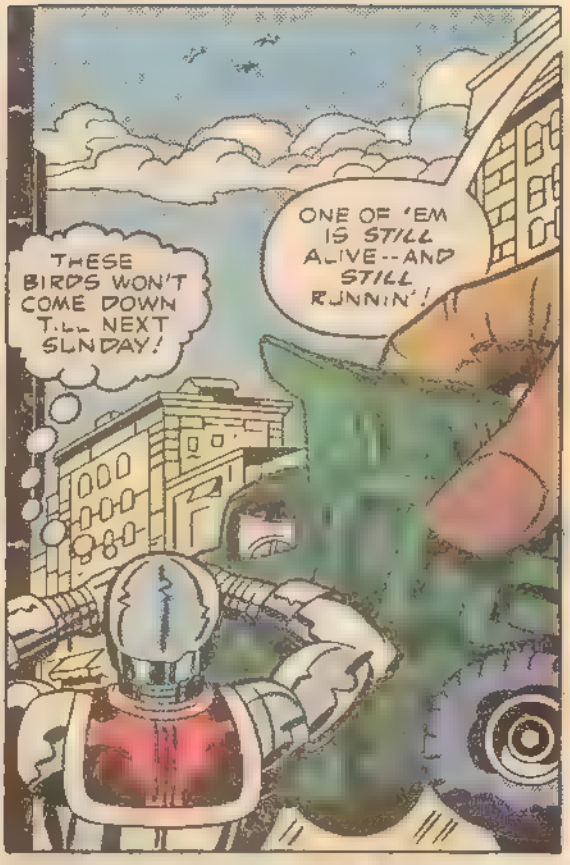

ELMO, BABY--! YOU CHECKIN' OUT THIS VAN?
YOU STILL CHECK-N' OUT THE STREETS ?!

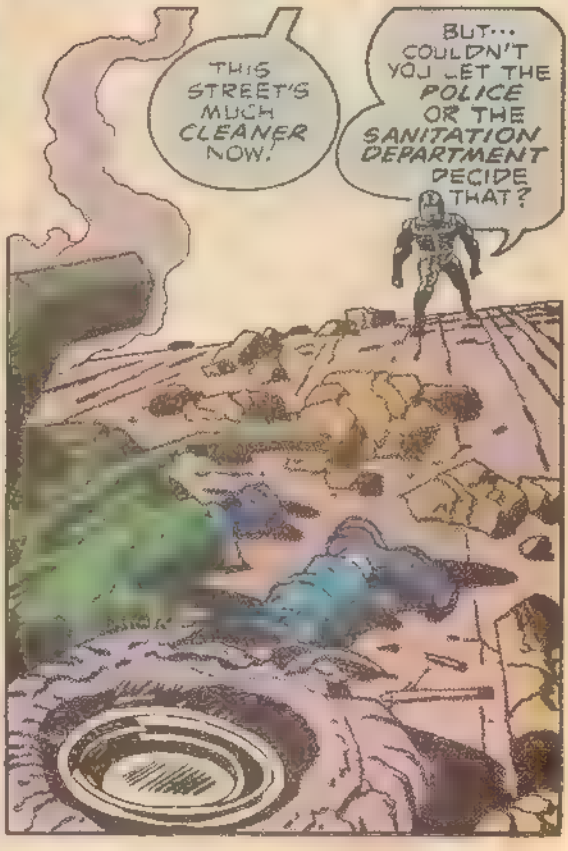
NO ACTION IN THIS WHOLE BUSTLIN' DISTRICT, 'CEPTIN' STUDYIN' AND HARMLESS SPORTS! KNOW THAT, ELMO?
USED TO BE DIFFERNT UNTIL BIG MASAI SHOWED UP! KNOW THAT, ELMO?!

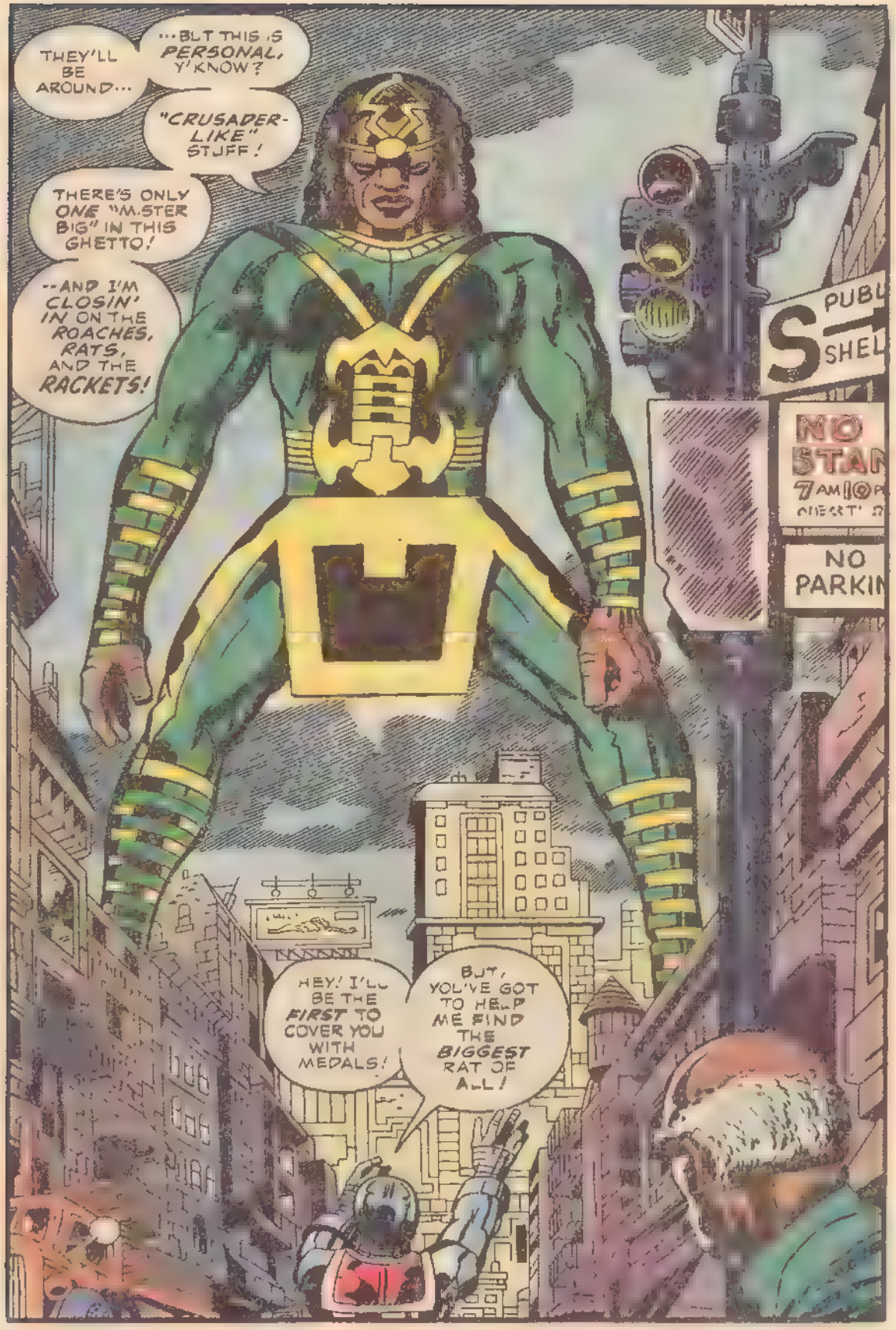
YER GONNA SEE THE "BIGGIES," ELMO!
SUGAR MAN... MACHO, THE FLASH... AND LIKE THAT!
YEAH! ...AND ROSWELL BAGGS! HE WANTS TO SHOW YA THE HERNIA HE GOT WHILES DASH N' TA 'SCAPE FROM BIG MASAI!
HEY—! I'M ONLY A KID! I DON'T PLAY BALL IN YOUR LEAGUE...
WHAT YOU LIKE BEST IS A BIG FAT LIP, RIGHT?... "SMART MOUTH!"
HAHAHAHAHAH!! YOU DUDES ARE SO SCREWED UP, YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING—!
39013
WELCOME BACK.. BROTHER...

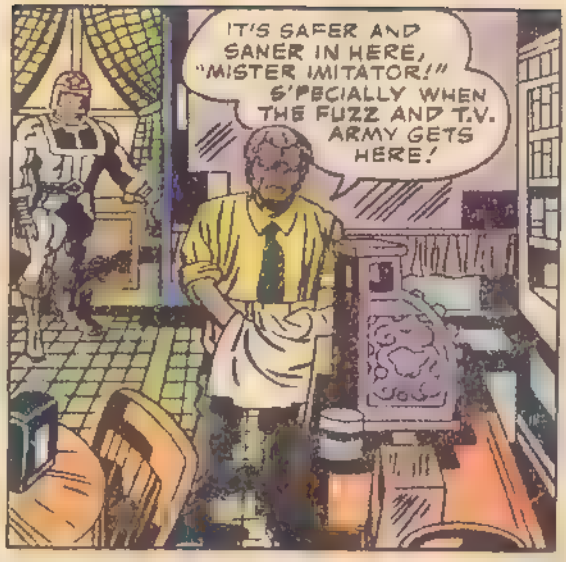

BROTHER "WHAT?" ... BROTHER "WITCH?"
TROUBLE IS, YOU KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, BUT NOT HOW YOU DO THEM!
WHEN THAT CAR BLEW ITSELF TO HELL ... YOU WERE NO LONGER IN IT, YOU WERE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS ...
IT WAS MORE LIKE A BUILDING BASEMENT!
AT ANY RATE, I CALL IT A "MATTER SHELTER" ... AND CREATING ONE IS AS QUICK AND AS NATURAL AS BREATHING TO OUR "KIND!"
... OUR KIND ...
YEAH ... GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS ... WHO CAN DO THINGS OTHER GUYS CAN'T ...
C'MON, ELMO! HELP ME GET TO ONE OF THE BAD GUYS ...
SORRY ... GOT SOME WORK OF MY OWN TO TAKE CARE OF ...
ELMO! WAIT!
ZZSSH!
DAMN! DAMN! DAMN!
I FIND THE ONE GUIDE TO THE TRAIL OF THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS "FLAKE" ... AND THIS KID IS BUSY PLAYING "GANG BUSTERS!"

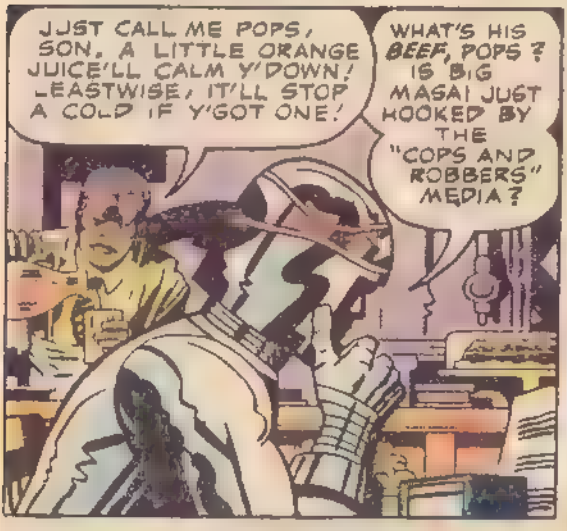
WE..L, I'M NOT GIV.NG UP! HE'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO--
KRASSHH!
--FIND--
A MOJO!--OUTTA THIN AIR! ...A REAL MOJO!
THESE STREETS IS WHERE IT'S HAPPENIN'!
GOTTA BE!
WHERE THERE'S A HIM, THERE'S GOTTA BE A BIG MASAI!
FELLAS--YOU'VE JUST SAID A BIG MOUTHFUL!
AAAA!
POW POW POW
BIG MASAI IS A MASSIVE GUY! VISIBILITY AND VENDETTA!! I-IT'S ELMO FRYE'S WAY OF COPING AS HOMO-GENETICUS!
I SEEN 'IM! I SEEN 'IM! IT'S BIG MASAI!
HE GRABBED EM!
--JUST LIKE THEY WAS BUGS!
--LIKE THEY WAS BUGS!!

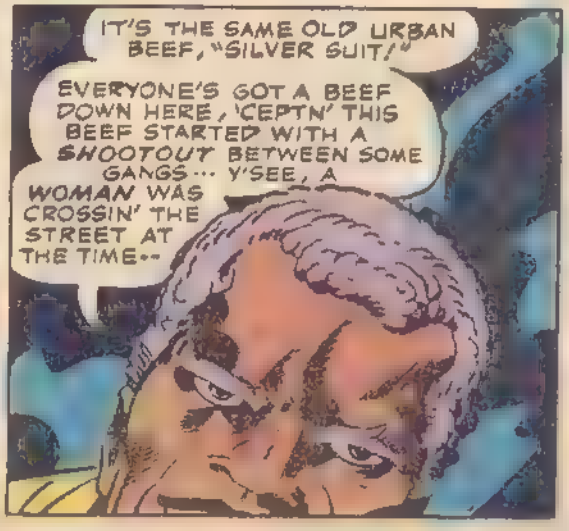

THESE BIRDS WON'T COME DOWN TILL NEXT SUNDAY!
ONE OF 'EM IS STILL ALIVE--AND STILL RUNNIN'!

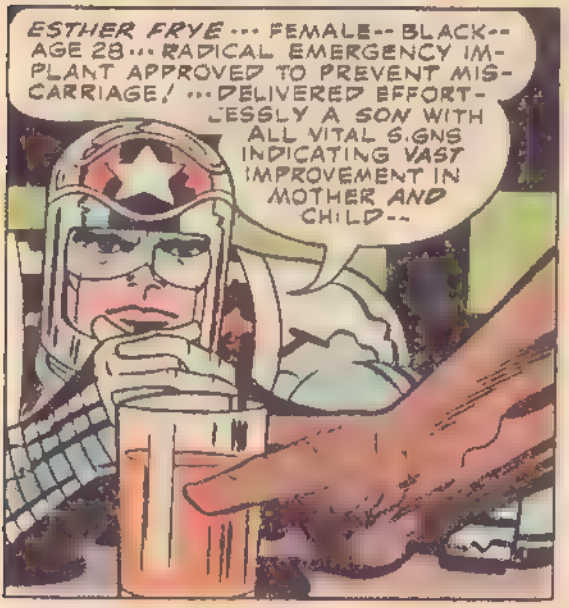

THIS STREET'S MUCH CLEANER NOW.
BUT... COULDN'T YOU LET THE POLICE OR THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT DECIDE THAT?


THEY'LL BE AROUND...
...BUT THIS IS PERSONAL, Y'KNOW?
"CRUSADER-LIKE" STUFF!
THERE'S ONLY ONE "M.STER BIG" IN THIS GHETTO!
--AND I'M CLOSIN' IN ON THE ROACHES, RATS, AND THE RACKETS!
NO PARKIN
HEY! I'LL BE THE FIRST TO COVER YOU WITH MEDALS!
BUT, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND THE BIGGEST RAT OF ALL!


IT'S SAFER AND SANER IN HERE, "MISTER IMITATOR!" S'PECIALLY WHEN THE FUZZ AND T.V. ARMY GETS HERE!


JUST CALL ME POPS, SON. A LITTLE ORANGE JUICE'LL CALM Y'DOWN! -EASTWISE, IT'LL STOP A COLD IF Y'GOT ONE!
WHAT'S HIS *BEEF*, POPS? IS BIG MASAI JUST HOOKED BY THE "COPS AND ROBBERS" MEDIA?

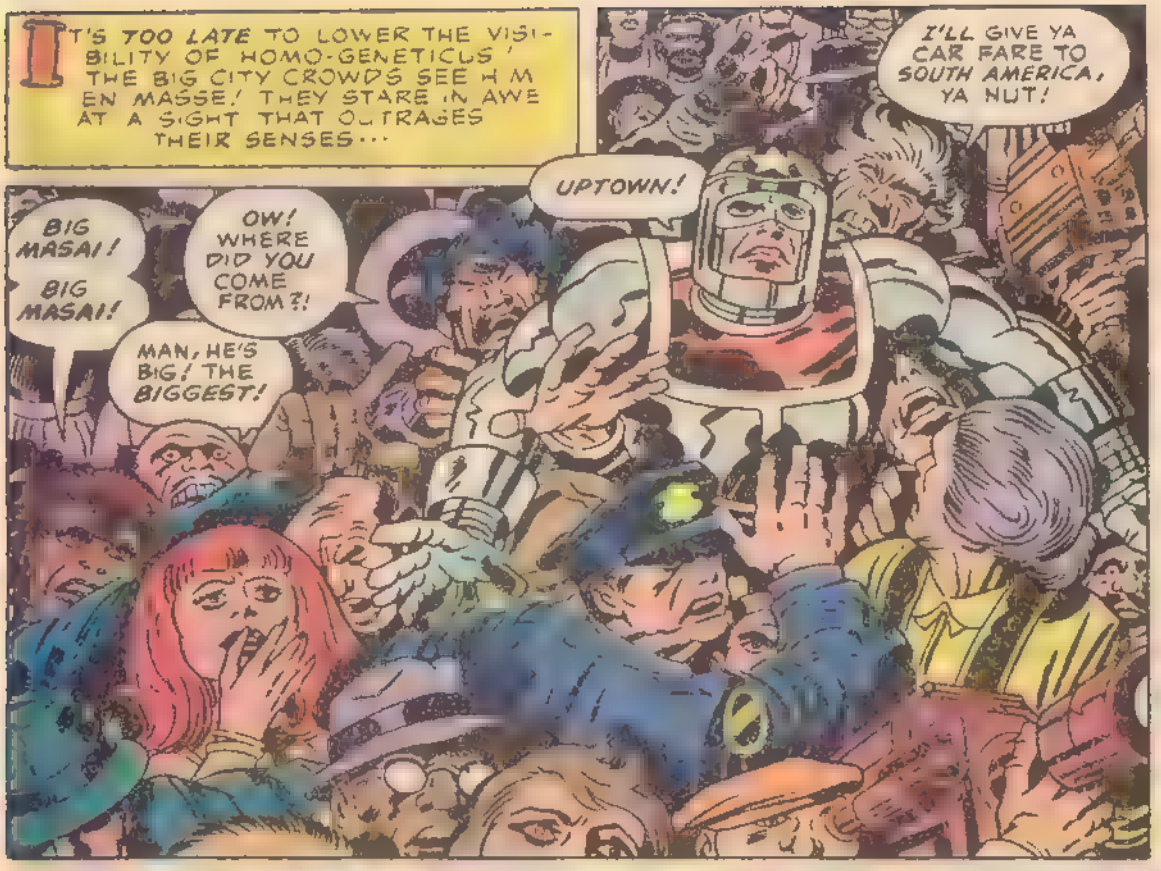

IT'S THE SAME OLD URBAN BEEF, "SILVER SUIT!"
EVERYONE'S GOT A BEEF DOWN HERE, 'CEPTN' THIS BEEF STARTED WITH A *SHOOTOUT* BETWEEN SOME GANGS... Y'SEE, A *WOMAN* WAS CROSSIN' THE STREET AT THE TIME--

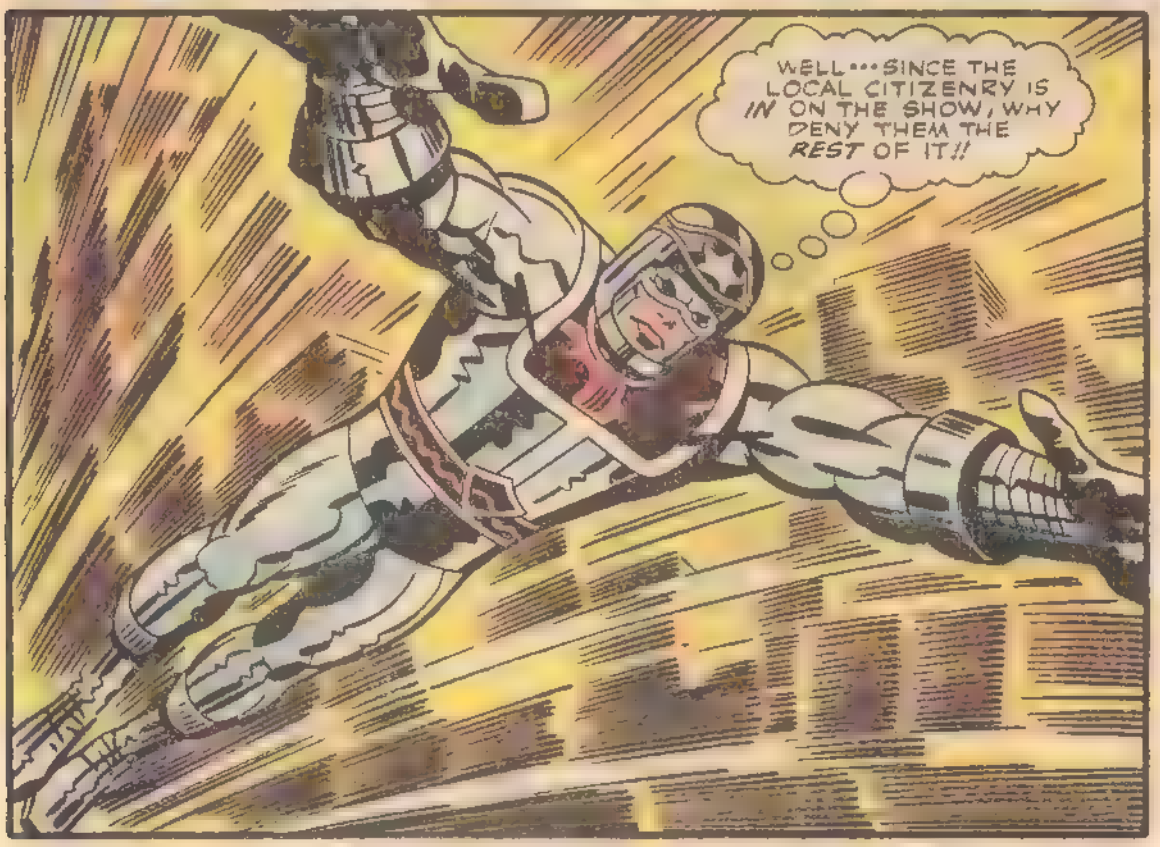

ESTHER FRYE... FEMALE-- BLACK-- AGE 28... RADICAL EMERGENCY IMPLANT APPROVED TO PREVENT MISCARRIAGE!... DELIVERED EFFORTLESSLY A *SON* WITH ALL VITAL SIGNS INDICATING *VAST* IMPROVEMENT IN MOTHER *AND* CHILD--

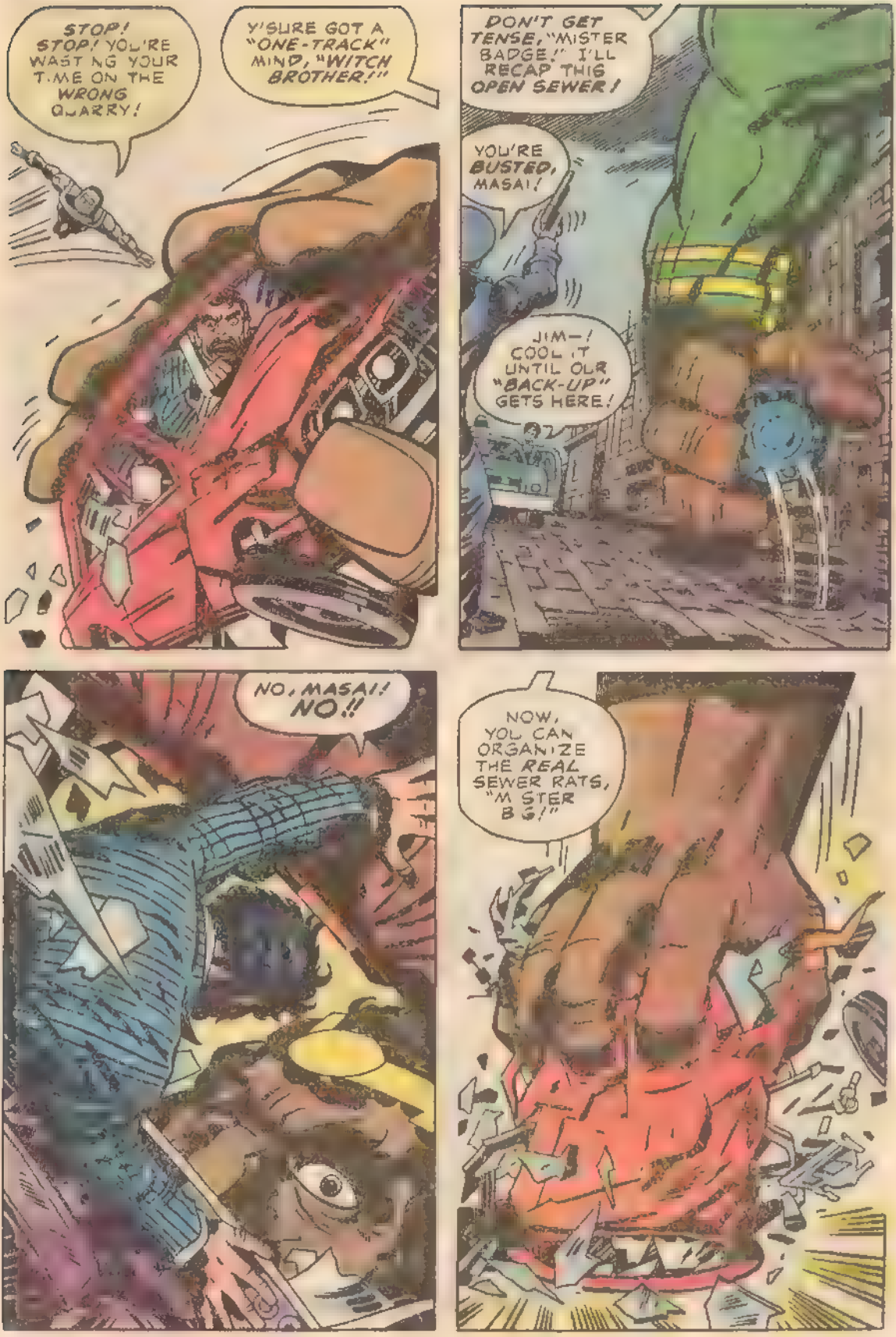
HEY! HOW DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT POOR ESTHER FRYE AND HER BOY, ELMO!?
FROM MY FATHER'S FILES! YOU SEE-- HE'S A DOCTOR-- WITH A VISION... A VISION THAT *FAR* OUTSTRIPPED EVEN HIS OWN EXPECTATIONS!

YOU KNOW THAT TIGERS ARE BORN THE SAME WAY AS CHIPMUNKS, POPS?
OH, YEAH--
--TIGERS, CHIPMUNKS, GIANTS THAT WALK THE EARTH-- THEY'RE ALL INSIDE US!-- CUZ THE LORD'S INSIDE US!
IN THAT CONTEXT, POPS-- WHERE IS THE DEVIL? --IN WHAT DEEP LEVEL DOES HE STOKE HIS FIRES?
IS THERE A HEART THAT CAN'T BE SCORCHED-- A BRAIN THAT CAN'T BE SEARED? ...A SWIFT-RUNNING RIVER OF HOT LAVA, PERHAPS, FILLING THE INNER CAVERNS OF A CREATURE WHO CAN TEAR UP A CITY!?
CAN'T SEE! CAN'T SEE! I'M ON FIRE! I'M BURNIN'!!
THOUGHT I'D SHOW UP JUST LIKE YOU WANTED, "SUGAR-MAN!"
--AND NOW THAT YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO HELL, I'LL PAY MY HUMBLE RESPECTS TO "MACHO, THE FLASH!"
LIKE YOU, HE SURE WAS ANXIOUS TO SEE ME!

TH S ORANGE JUICE S RIGHT ON TARGET, POPS!
GLAD YOU LIKE IT!
IMAGINE! FINDING A BONA FIDE INTELLECTUAL --IN THIS PLACE --SO FAR FROM THE HALLS OF IVY!
WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT ELMO FRYE-- BIG MASA!-- AND -- MYSELF --IS PERFECTLY-- TRUE!
I SUPPOSE IT JUST HAPPENS, POPS! ONE MAN MAKES A SPEAR-- ANOTHER COUNTERS WITH A SHIELD-- AND SO ON, THROUGH THE AGES...
THEY DO IT ALL--! BIGGER!--SCARIER! --NEVER REALIZING HOW LONG THEY'VE BEEN AT IT-- AND THAT THEIR TIME HAS COME TO CLEAR THE STAGE!
NO OFFENSE, POPS... YOU'RE OBSOLETE...
BUT, THAT DOESN'T MAKE MY KIND ANY BETTER-- OR WISER...
LOOK AT US, POPS! WE HAVE NO AGE-- NO SIZE--NO RULES-- NO LAW--NO PRECISE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LIMITATIONS...
A FEW OF US HAVE ALREADY BEEN KILLED WITHOUT KNOWING THAT ONE OF US HAS DECIDED TO CONQUER THE OTHERS!
--ORIGINAL IDEA, ISN'T IT!? A "GRAB-BAG" OF NEW ANSWERS-- FROM "SUPER SUPER GUYS!"
NONSENSE! POPPYCOCK AND BUSHWAH!
I'M THE REAL THING--AND I KNOW, POPS!
I I COULDN'T BE SURE...! --JUST-- ACTED ON --GUT FEELINGS!
PERK UP, FRIEND! WANT TO SEE A GREAT TRICK?
ZZ-ZH!
WILL BE BACK FOR MEAL THAT GOES WITH THE JUICE!


IT'S TOO LATE TO LOWER THE VISIBILITY OF HOMO-GENETICUS ! THE BIG CITY CROWDS SEE H M EN MASSE! THEY STARE IN AWE AT A SIGHT THAT OUTRAGES THEIR SENSES···
I'LL GIVE YA CAR FARE TO SOUTH AMERICA, YA NUT!
UPTOWN!
BIG MASAI!
BIG MASAI!
OW! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!
MAN, HE'S BIG! THE BIGGEST!


WELL···SINCE THE LOCAL CITIZENRY IS IN ON THE SHOW, WHY DENY THEM THE REST OF IT!!

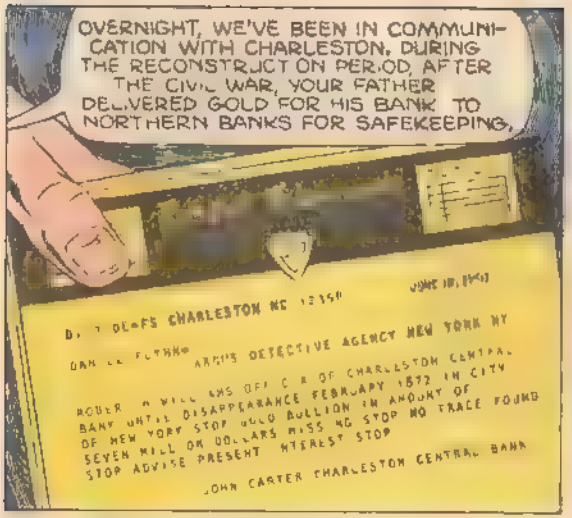

STOP! STOP! YOU'RE WAST NG YOUR T.ME ON THE WRONG QUARRY!
Y'SURE GOT A "ONE-TRACK" MIND, "WITCH BROTHER!"
DON'T GET TENSE, "MISTER BADGE!" I'LL RECAP THIG OPEN SEWER!
YOU'RE BUSTED, MASAI!
JIM—! COOL IT UNTIL OUR "BACK-UP" GETS HERE!
NO, MASAI! NO!!
NOW, YOU CAN ORGANIZE THE REAL SEWER RATS, "M STER B G!"

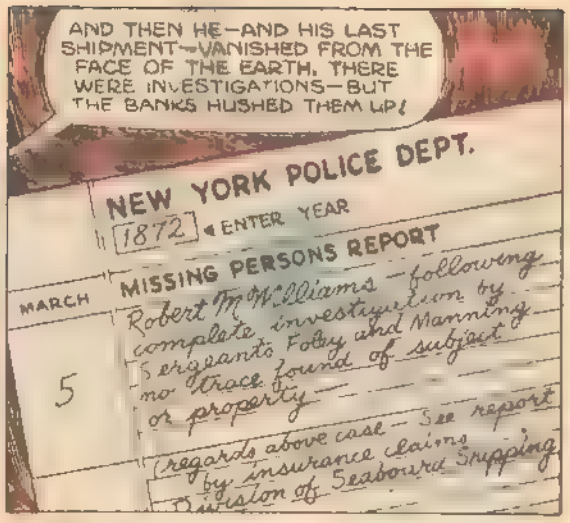
POW!
COME ON! GROW UP, MASAI--! WE'VE GOT A BIGGER JOB TO DO!!
DARIUS DRUMM WAITS! AND TIME GROWS SHORT!
THE TIME TO CLEANSE THE EARTH IN TOTALITY IS ALMOST AT HAND!
FOR THAT WHICH BROUGHT ME FORTH-- MUST SURELY ACHE FOR PURIFICATION!!
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY JACK KIRBY
LETTERS AND INKS BY MIKE ROYER
COLORED BY JANICE COHEN
the world according to DRUMM
NEXT ISSUE!!

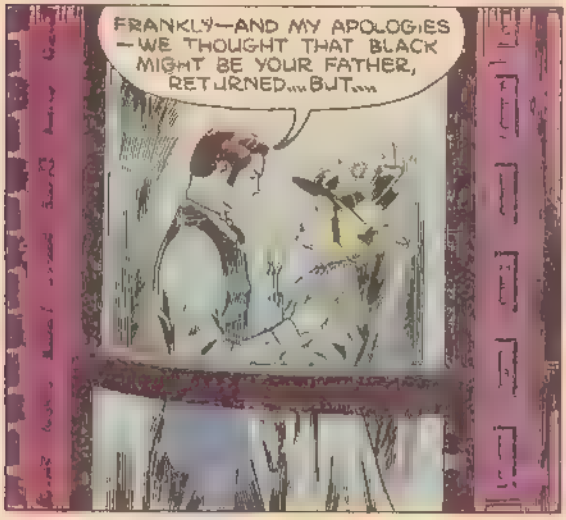
FLYNN · written by Richard Kyle & drawn by D. Bruce Berry

THE MORNING PAPERS ARE FULL OF YOUR ADVENTURES, MISS WILLIAMS!
THANK YOU FOR *EVERYTHING* YOU'VE DONE, MR. FLYNN! YOUR MRS. WARD SAW ME THROUGH IT ALL WITH THE POLICE, AND SHE STAYED WITH ME LAST NIGHT. MY AUNT AND UNCLE ARE RETURNING FROM CHICAGO BY TRAIN IMMEDIATELY....
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MAN BLACK WANTED....
HE WANTS SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS, MISS WILLIAMS, THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS!
DANIEL
FLYNN
TECTIVE
ENCY

SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS! BUT I HAVE NO MONEY OF MY OWN. MY MOTHER LEFT NOTHING. MY AUNT AND UNCLE DON'T—
I'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING
I WAS CALLED IN BY THE RAILROAD. A MAN DIED IN THE YARDS—A STRANGE KIND OF THIEF. HE'D STOLEN AN ENGINE AND BEEN BURNED BY LIVE STEAM.... THIS WAS FOUND ON HIM....
Elizabeth Williams 1412 Millbrun St. Brooklyn
WE TRAILED YOU—OF COURSE, YOU DID NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. THEN YOU WENT TO DOUGLAS'. WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE A PART OF 'EM. I MADE MYSELF SEEN DELIBERATELY
I RECEIVED ONLY THAT LETTER FROM BLACK. HE PROMISED TO TELL ME WHERE MY FATHER WAS...
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE WANTED TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM—NO ONE WOULD EVER TELL ME....
MRS. DOUGLAS WON'T TALK TO THE POLICE. THESE MAPS OF THE RAILYARDS—THIS ONE FROM 1872—ARE ALL WE FOUND. OPERATIVES ARE INVESTIGATING THEM NOW.
1872! THAT'S WHEN MY FATHER DISAPPEARED. I WAS JUST A BABY....
YES—HE DISAPPEARED IN LATE FEBRUARY WITH SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS IN BANK GOLD!


OVERNIGHT, WE'VE BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH CHARLESTON, DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD, AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, YOUR FATHER DELIVERED GOLD FOR HIS BANK TO NORTHERN BANKS FOR SAFEKEEPING,
ARMIS DETECTIVE AGENCY NEW YORK NY
JOHN CARTER CHARLESTON CENTRAL BANK

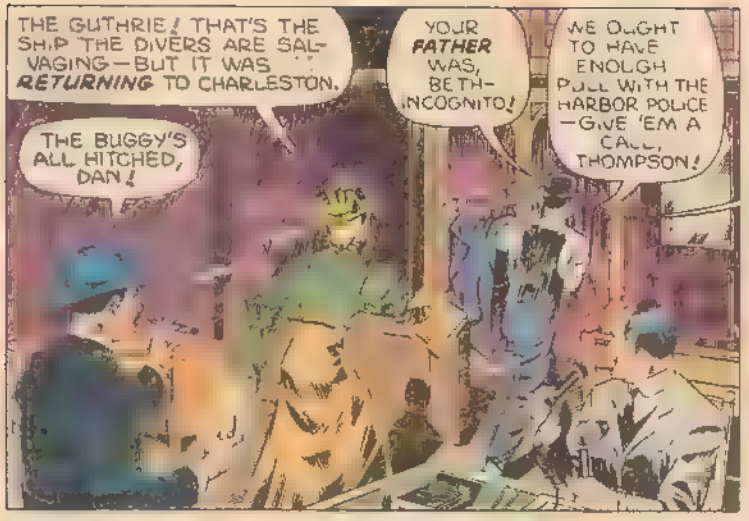

AND THEN HE—AND HIS LAST SHIPMENT—VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. THERE WERE INVESTIGATIONS—BUT THE BANKS HUSHED THEM UP!
NEW YORK POLICE DEPT.
1872 ◂ ENTER YEAR
MISSING PERSONS REPORT
MARCH
5
Robert M. Williams — following complete investigation by Sergeants Foby and Manning no trace found of subject or property —
regards above case — See report by insurance claims Division of Seaboard Shipping

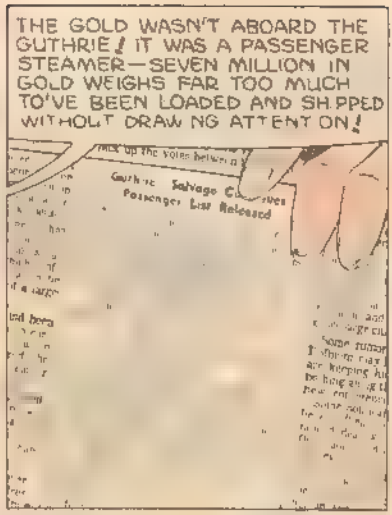

FRANKLY—AND MY APOLOGIES —WE THOUGHT THAT BLACK MIGHT BE YOUR FATHER, RETURNED...BUT....

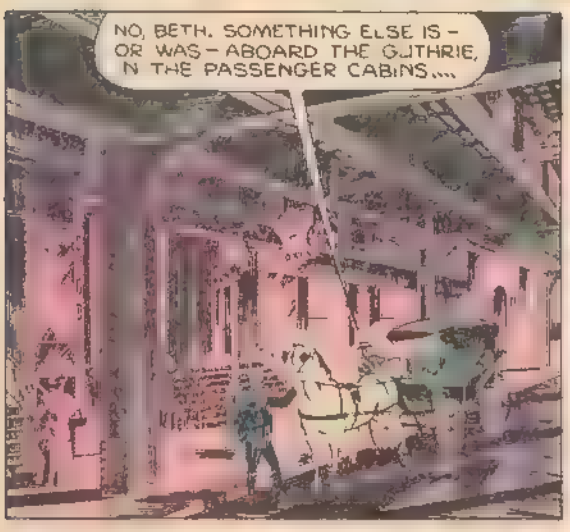
COULD HE BE? THEY SAY I RESEMBLE MY MOTHER—AND HE EXAMINED ME!
HIS HEAD WAS SHAVEN, NOT BALD. THE LIGHT WAS POOR IN THAT ROOM, BUT HIS NOSE WAS BUILT UP—PERHAPS WITH ACTOR'S PUTTY....

IT'S STRANGE...I KNOW MEN LIKE BLACK. HE SHOULD HAVE FRED LAST NIGHT, AND HE DIDN'T. YOUR UNSEEN SHED LETTER SHOULD'VE BEEN WORTHLESS TO HIM, BUT IT WASN'T—!
—YES, ED?

CHEF ..A "JAMES ALLEN" WAS ON THE PASSENGER LIST OF THE BEN GUTHRIE WHEN SHE WENT DOWN WITH ALL HANDS—!
ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 2 1872!
THAT'S T! COME MISS W... AMS.. WE'LL NEED YOU!

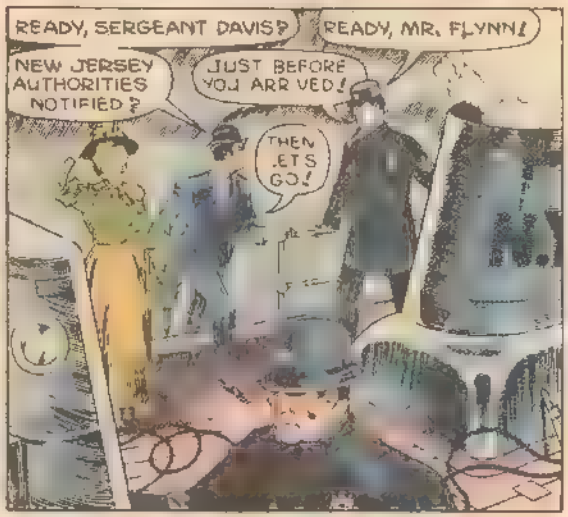

THE GUTHRIE! THAT'S THE SHIP THE DIVERS ARE SALVAGING—BUT IT WAS *RETURNING* TO CHARLESTON.
YOUR *FATHER* WAS, BETH—INCOGNITO!
WE OUGHT TO HAVE ENOUGH PULL WITH THE HARBOR POLICE—GIVE 'EM A CALL, THOMPSON!
THE BUGGY'S ALL HITCHED, DAN!


THE GOLD WASN'T ABOARD THE GUTHRIE! IT WAS A PASSENGER STEAMER—SEVEN MILLION IN GOLD WEIGHS FAR TOO MUCH TO'VE BEEN LOADED AND SHIPPED WITHOUT DRAWING ATTENTION!

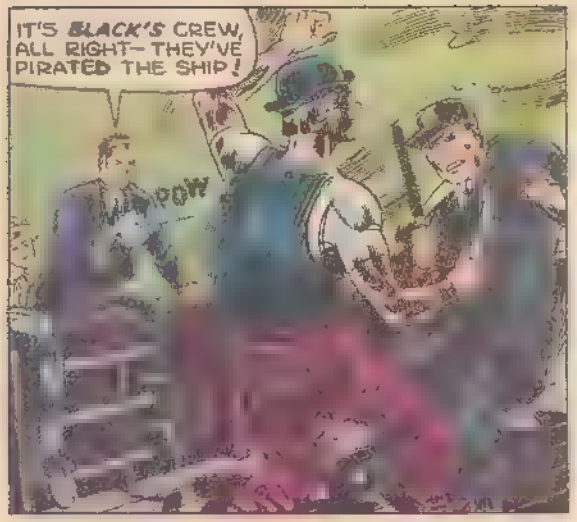

NO, BETH. SOMETHING ELSE IS—OR WAS—ABOARD THE GUTHRIE, IN THE PASSENGER CABINS....

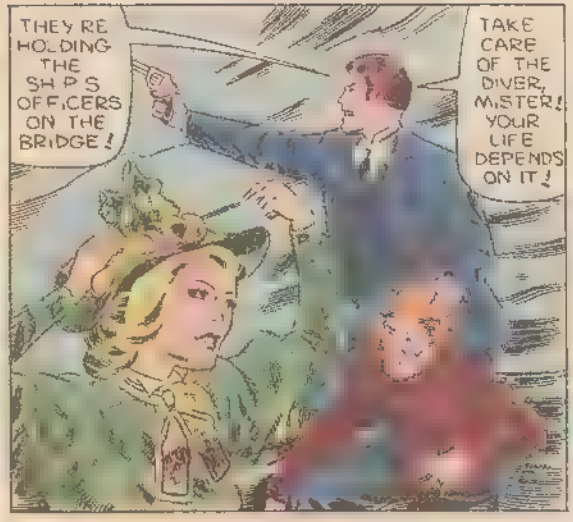
THAT LETTER BLACK WANTED YOU TO WRITE WOULD'VE AUTHORIZED ANYONE TO TAKE YOUR FATHERS PROPERTY IN YOUR NAME—

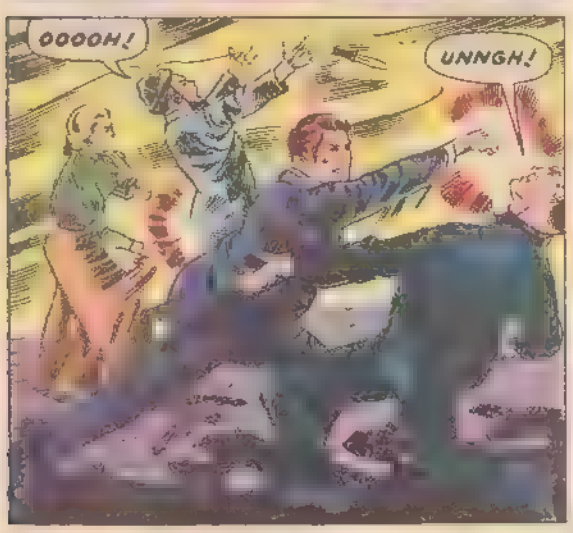
IT'D NEVER HAVE HELD UP IN COURT—I WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD TO—
THERE'S THE HARBOR POLICE LAUNCH—AND THE STEAM'S UP!


READY, SERGEANT DAVIS?
READY, MR. FLYNN!
NEW JERSEY AUTHORITIES NOTIFIED?
JUST BEFORE YOU ARRIVED!
THEN LET'S GO!

NYPD
THERE THEY ARE!
LOOK MR. FLYNN! THOSE ARE HELIOGRAPH SIGNALS I BELIEVE!
THEY'RE SIGNALING THE SHORE!
WE SHOULD STAND OFF, SERGEANT, AND WAIT FOR THE NEW JERSEY POLICE BOAT. I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF "MR. BLACK"!
WE CAN HANDLE 'EM, MR FLYNN!
AHOY, MARCUS! NEW YORK POLICE—WE'RE COMING ABOARD!
NEW YORK POLICE DEPT
LOOK OUT, SERGEANT! THEY'RE SWINGING THE SALVAGE BOOM AROUND!


IT'S BLACK'S CREW, ALL RIGHT— THEY'VE PIRATED THE SHIP!
POW


THEY'RE HOLDING THE SHIP'S OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE!
TAKE CARE OF THE DIVER, MISTER! YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!


OOOOH!
UNNGH!

AFTER 'EM, MEN! AVENGE THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK!
THERE! THAT MAN ON THE STAIRS— IT'S BLACK!
OUT OF THE WAY, SERGEANT!
WE WANT BLACK ALIVE AND TALKING!

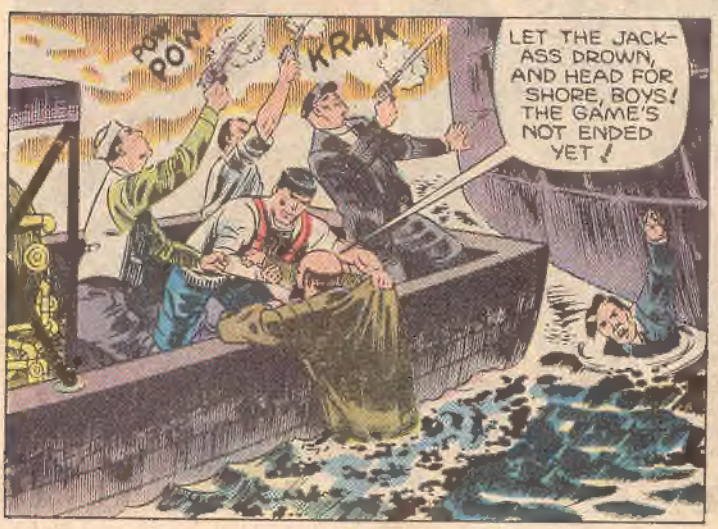
ALIVE, BUT NOT TALKING, FLYNN!
THE NEW JERSEY BOAT'S COMING, BOSS!

WHAK!

BAM

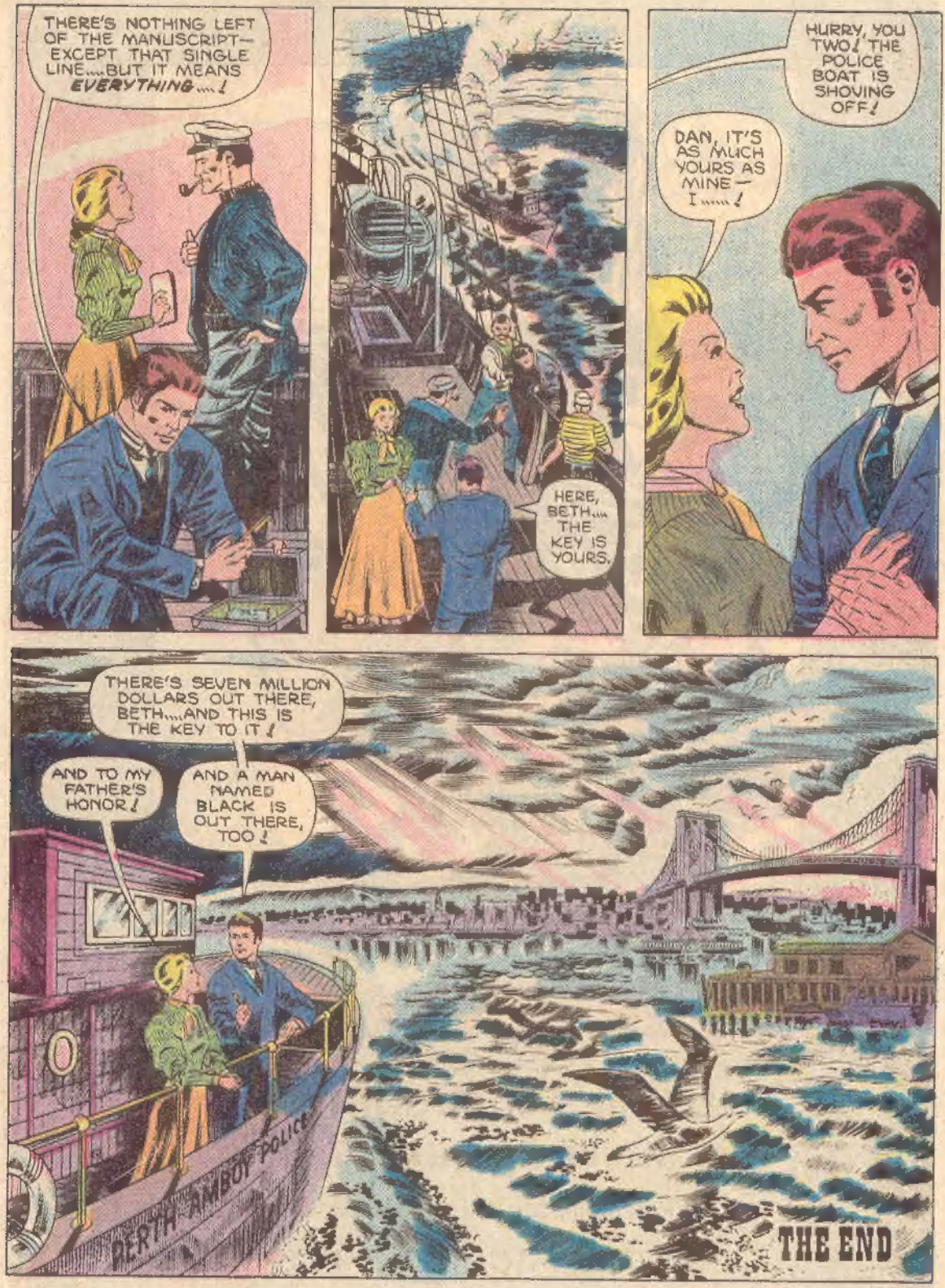
—HIM....!

SERGEANT! DON'T!
I GOT HIM, FLYNN! I GOT—
UGH!


POW
POW
KRAK
LET THE JACK-ASS DROWN, AND HEAD FOR SHORE, BOYS! THE GAME'S NOT ENDED YET!

THEY'RE OUT OF PISTOL SHOT—GET A LINE DOWN TO THE SERGEANT!
BLACK'S ESCAPED AGAIN!
THE DIVER'S COMING UP!

ARE YOU AND YOUR MEN ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN?
RIGHT ENOUGH FOR ALL OF IT, THANK YOU, MR. FLYNN!
THEY CAME ABOARD THIS MORNING, WHEN THE DIVER WAS TO ENTER THE SUNKEN SHIP'S PASSENGER CABINS—
—THEY WANTED A BOX FROM CABIN "C".
OH, CAPTAIN... THAT WAS MY FATHER'S CABIN!
BUT, MR. FLYNN, THEY DID NOT HAVE THE PROPER IDENTIFICATION—
LOOK, DAN—!
—IT—IT HAS MY FATHER'S INITIALS!
IT'S YOUR KEY, BETH!
BUT FIRST, AS CAPTAIN, I MUST REQUEST PROPER IDENTIFICATION, MISS WILLIAM'S!
of gold bullion placed in my


THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF THE MANUSCRIPT— EXCEPT THAT SINGLE LINE....BUT IT MEANS EVERYTHING....!
HERE, BETH.... THE KEY IS YOURS.
DAN, IT'S AS MUCH YOURS AS MINE— I.....!
HURRY, YOU TWO! THE POLICE BOAT IS SHOVING OFF!
THERE'S SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS OUT THERE, BETH....AND THIS IS THE KEY TO IT!
AND TO MY FATHER'S HONOR!
AND A MAN NAMED BLACK IS OUT THERE, TOO!
PERTH AMBOY POLICE
THE END